

## PHILADELPHIA



## REPOSITORY,

AND

## WEEKLY REGISTER.

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Saturday, February 14, 1801.

*The Girl of the Mountains.*

(CONTINUED.)

HE took up a lamp; "I will shew you the way," said he, stepping before her to one corner of the cave. ADELAIDE with agitated spirits, followed him through another opening, into a place small and gloomy to excess; he set down the light in a small recess, and the obscurity wearing off in a few minutes, she discovered a bed, and a stool; on the latter she gladly sat down, for her trembling limbs could no longer support her.

Lesare entered to them with a large bundle; "there you will find clothes of all kinds to preserve you from cold."

ADELAIDE, who till that moment had been regardless of her appearance, so absorbed had she been in the contemplation of her wretched situation, now looked down upon herself, she was only covered with the night clothes she had thrown over her on first hearing the noise in her father's room; and an old cloak they had fastened about her; she blushed at her disordered dress, and seemed to shrink from their view; regardless of her confusion, they stayed some time adjusting the bed-clothes, and again recommending her to rest, they withdrew.

For some time she sat as if chained to the stool, when her eyes falling on the bundle beside her, she turned them again on herself, then hastily caught up the parcel to seek for more decent covering; she found a very complete female dress, and gladly arrayed herself in what she thought neces-

sary; but no sooner had the wants of delicacy been supplied, than she began to consider for what purpose she was solicitous to make an appearance, when life had ceased to be valuable, and when every manœuvre of those men impeded all hopes of an escape from their power.

"Gracious heaven!" exclaimed she, clasping her uplifted hands, "have mercy on me, give me instant death, or deliver me from this horrid place!" tears gushed in torrents from her eyes; the gloom seemed to increase, and the solemn stillness that pervaded through the caverns, except now and then the sudden rushing of the winds, all together threw an icy trembling to her heart, that she could scarce retain her seat. For several moments all her faculties were suspended by terror; when again recovering a little fortitude, she rose, and taking up the lamp, slowly moved to the bed; it really looked clean and decent, but could she sleep? Could she lay down to refresh her exhausted spirits, only to prepare for encountering still greater agitations? Was this cave calculated to give rest to the wretched? No, it was impossible; she shrunk from the bed, and turned to resume her seat, when she discerned another small opening, which she concluded led to a different cave, but could discover only a large space, enveloped by darkness; she considered for a moment whether she should enter; at length taking courage, "what have I worse to dread," said she, "these caverns are all dark alike; how many there may be of them, I know not, but I will see; I have some hours to myself perhaps, and my situation is desperate."

She crept through the chasm, and entered another spacious cave, but which seemed to have a descent as she walked on. She persevered however, with cautious steps, holding the lamp before her, till at

the end she saw a very large opening at the bottom, close to the side of the wall. She advanced, and looking down, beheld several steps, that extended beyond what she could distinctly discern. She descended with care, and found they went to a great depth; more than once she stopt trembling and irresolute, when despair recalled her sinking spirits, and she proceeded. At length she found herself at the bottom; the extent of the place she could not discern, but moving cautiously forward, she stumbled against something; recovering and holding down the lamp in a stooping posture, to see what impeded her way, she beheld the dead body of a man. Horror and fright made her fall prostrate on the corpse; fortunately she held the lamp so low, that it dropped from her hand without turning, or being extinguished. It was some minutes before her senses and recollection returned; and when she tried to disengage herself from the terrible position in which she lay, her whole frame shook with horror.

Recovering the lamp, she ventured to throw a glance on the body, and saw the eyes were fixed on her's; involuntarily she uttered a faint shriek, yet had not the power to move, and presently discovered that it was the unfortunate peasant. This gave her a little more courage, she bent forward again, and thought both the eyes and lips seemed as if making an effort to move; with much trepidation she laid her hand on his bosom, and felt it warm.

"My God!" she exclaimed, "he is not dead; ah! what can I do to save him?"

She saw a great quantity of blood near him, which must have issued from some wound; she ventured to move the body very gently, and observed it came from the side.

Instantly she set down the lamp, tore off some of her own linen, and with incredible courage and strength, bound up the wound; the blood flowing but very faintly, owing to the stagnation of life, and the dampness of the place; but the poor creature was reduced, to all appearance, past hope of reviving, though she was convinced some sense yet remained, by the motion of the eye.

She hastened up the craggy steps, got through the aperture into her own dismal cavern; here she stopt and listened for some time, and drawing near to the opening, was convinced no one was in the next room; she passed through trembling, and considering what excuse to frame, if she should be discovered.

Wine and biscuits still remained there; she looked round for some vessel, in which she might take back some of the former. A few glasses stood in a little recess; she filled one, and in the instant she was about to retire, she heard their voices in the outer room. It was a moment replete with terror, she turned sick with apprehension, and and could not proceed one step further.

They entered the room, and were struck with inconceivable surprise at seeing her, pale and sinking to the earth, the glass of wine before her, she completely dressed, but with all the marks of fright and weakness, that rendered her incapable of moving or speaking.

One of them uttered a tremendous oath, and asked, "What brought her there?"

With extreme difficulty she faintly replied "I found myself very ill, and came here to get a little wine."

The state she was in gave a colour to the excuse; "You are ill to be sure," returned he, "and what you say may be true, but I must tell you, that if you came here with any hopes of escaping from us, you are out of your reckoning my pretty dear; you have not dressed yourself for nothing, I believe; but you would do wiser to undress now, and go to bed; take rest, and resolve to be content, for be assured here you are for life."

Poor ADELAIDE, who had been endeavouring to recall her fluttered spirits, was almost struck lifeless at this petrifying assurance: she gasped for breath, again said she was very ill, and presently a shower of tears came seasonably to her relief, and preserved her from fainting.

"The poor girl is ill," said Lesare, "let us lead her into her room; lay down in your clothes for a few hours," added he, "the wine and biscuits shall be placed within

your reach; take a little now and then, no one shall disturb you, we will remain in the outer room, you will be better a few hours hence."

"I believe I shall," said she, a little revived by this gentleness; "I will drink some wine and water, and lay down."

This seemed to please them; she took a half glass of wine; it was of service to her trembling frame; she permitted them to assist her into the other cell, nor made any objection to having the wine placed on the stool by her: they withdrew; Lesare speaking kindly, which she returned with civility.

She remained some time on the bed, until convinced that they had retired from the next cavern; she then rose with a beating heart, and taking some wine, retraced the way down to the unfortunate peasant: having placed her lamp, she began to wet his lips with the wine, she raised his head, then put a few drops gently into his mouth, soon the eyes faintly moved, then the lips; with difficulty she tenderly dragged the poor insensible against the wall, that he might be a little more erect; she persevered in giving the wine in very small quantities, until she saw both life and reason returning, and that the eyes seemed fixed on her with an expressive stare, denoting both surprise and gratitude; she thought it possible he might understand her, though he was too weak to speak.

"I am a prisoner in these rocks," said she, "and have every evil to fear; curiosity brought me down here in the faint hope of finding some way to escape; if I have been the means of saving your life, I shall be happy in the idea, whatever becomes of me. I dare not stay long; would to heaven I could leave you any light, but that's impossible; and whether I shall ever return here is very uncertain; should I see you no more, and have only prolonged your misery by this temporary assistance, which has recalled a fleeting life, that must again sink when left to yourself, forgive my want of power to help you, and pity me."

Again the almost lifeless peasant attempted to speak; the lips only moved, and utterance was denied to them; he feebly moved one of his hands, and looking unutterable things; while she trembling both for him and herself, rose from the earth on which she had kneeled, and placing the wine in a glass close to his hand, though doubtful if it could be of any service to him.

"I must leave you," said she "if heaven permits I will see you again." She could

not say another word, the most painful sensations rose to her mind, and her own fate, which hung in a frightful suspense, afforded but little hope that she could be of any essential service to him.

His eyes were rivetted on her, and when she turned to ascend the steps, and threw a glance round the horrible place she left him in, her heart throbbed with such violence, that by the time she regained the room appropriated for her, she sunk on the bed almost in a state of insensibility.

Nature, wearied and exhausted by the extraordinary efforts she had made in her weak frame of mind, and debility of body, exerted its rights to repose, and in the same moment that she dropped on the bed, a gentle slumber stole over her senses, and for a time suspended all recollection of her woes.

Not the least vestige of light could find its way into her cave; she knew not therefore when the hour of morning came, till Lesare stood before her, and bid her come to breakfast, she dared not to refuse, but tottered into the next apartment, where coffee and toast were placed upon the table. They told her she looked better; she endeavoured to be civil, took a cup of coffee and a bit of toast. They seemed pleased, and again assured her they would make her happy.

According to the plan she had laid down to herself, she replied, "It could not be expected that she could be reconciled all at once to the loss of a dear parent, and such a confinement, but a few days perhaps, would bring her to more composure." This answer pleased them greatly, and they bade her do as she liked, either sit in that room, or lay down again for a few hours; she preferred the latter, and they promised not to disturb her till the dinner hour. Lesare put her bed in order, and then she retired from them.

She remained a considerable time before she ventured down the steps to the lower cavern, and a thousand terrifying ideas made her tremble as she proceeded. In short, when she descended from the last step, she was more dead than alive, and stood a few moments irresolute whether to advance or not, fearing she heard the men behind her. A deep sigh gave an instantaneous change to her mind; she started, went a step or two, and holding out her lamp, beheld the poor peasant sitting upright, and as she looked at him, he held up his hand.

She drew near; "Do you live?" said she, "May I hope you will recover?"

"Yes," replied he, in a very low, tre-



mulous voice; "yes, my good angel, I live by a miracle indeed."

He could say no more just then; she had brought a fresh stock of wine and water; he took some; "Tell me," said he "how you came here? She gave him a brief account of what had befallen her father, and her own wretched situation: he lifted his eyes to heaven, "Forgive, forgive," said he faintly, "I am the cause of all, and cannot save you."

His agitations frightened ADELAIDE—in a few minutes he again recovered speech; "My wounds are not dangerous, but I am much bruised in being thrown down here, and so weak from loss of blood, that I cannot move."

"What can I do for you; asked ADELAIDE. "Nothing," replied he, "oh that I could save you, you cannot escape, and, O my God! what will become of you."

The poor terrified girl flung herself on her knees; "I will stay here and die," said she firmly.

He looked stedfastly at her for a moment; "Have you courage? Can you do a deed of desperation?"

"Doubt me not," answered she eagerly, "I can, I will do any thing, to escape the power of those wretches."

He pointed to his pocket, his emotions were too much for his strength, the words died on his lips; she searched his pocket, and found a large clasped knife.

"Heaven be thanked," said she, "death is in my own power; this will preserve me from worse evils."

"Stop, stop," cried he, gasping for breath, "give death to villains, but save yourself; let that be your last resource."

By many intervals and pauses, he at length gave her to understand that one of them was generally on the mountain, reconnoitering for passengers, while two used to remain in the caves; now only one could be there. In a particular place in the middle cave they kept their fire-arms, he said if she could find an opportunity to secure a brace of pistols, and had courage to fire them off, there was little doubt but that she might destroy both villains.

ADELAIDE shuddered at the plan, "I have courage to brave death," said she, "or suffer any miseries except those that I dread here, but to commit deliberate murder, is what I cannot do."

"Well then," said he, groaning, you must trust in Providence, no human power can deliver you."

"Fear not," said she, "I feel courage now that I have the means to free myself;

perhaps I may gain time, then you will get better; you may yet save me."

He sighed heavily; "I fear not, my life is very doubtful; stiff, weak, incapable of moving, much bruised, and lying on the damp ground, death is only suspended, not overcome."

ADELAIDE, who saw the extreme difficulty with which he uttered a few words, with long pauses; who beheld his weakness, and knew how circumscribed her power was to assist him, touched by his last words, and the conviction that they were but too true, burst into a flood of tears.

"We will die together," said she, "I have no wish for existence, no parent, no friend or relation, an outcast from the world, a stranger to its customs, and without the means of procuring myself a single meal. What have I to do with life? Why be desirous of prolonging an existence hateful to myself, and in which no one is interested?"

Several deep groans, expressive of anguish and despair, escaped from the poor peasant, he struggled to speak.

"Secure the pistols, bring them to me, heaven may give me strength to preserve you."

She left him a fresh supply of wine, water, and biscuit, and hastened back to her miserable apartment. She threw herself on the bed, and remained under the most painful agitations, till one of the men entered, and requested she would come to dinner.

Trembling and fearful she followed him, the table was spread with several delicacies; poor ADELAIDE felt little inclination to eat, under the impression of her misfortunes, with such company, and in a place so horrid; but afraid of irritating them, she tried to swallow a few mouthfuls, and suppress her feelings. The dinner over, during which time she had marked out the place where she had been told the fire-arms were deposited, and resolved to brave the hazard of securing them, if she had an opportunity. The men grew very free; one of them endeavoured to kiss her; she shrunk from him disgusted and terrified.

"Come, come, my pretty dear," said he, "don't be so coy, these airs won't do here, we are your masters remember."

"I don't wish to offend you," replied the trembling girl, "but I am weak and ill, my spirits cannot return all at once."

"True," said Lesare, "consider Jacques, this is a great change to her; we must allow her a day or two to recover."

"Pho, recover," returned the other, "we shall recover her I warrant you; to

be plain, my sweet mistress, you are to be our wife, and if you behave well, you shall have gold, jewels, and every thing you can desire, and in time, return to the light, and mingle with the world: but, if you are ill-natured and coy, we shall please ourselves in spite of you, and treat you as you deserve."

What ADELAIDE felt at this insolent avowal, may be more easily conceived than described; a universal shivering seized her, and she threw a look so piteous at Lesare, that, villain as he was, he felt its full force.

"No more of this," said he, "at present; let her get well and then we will teach her her duty."

"I must retire," said the terrified girl, "I am very sick and faint."

"You may go," said the hardened villain, "but all this nonsense won't do; get yourself better against night—that's all."

With difficulty she returned to her cell, and sinking on the bed, abandoned herself to all the horrors of her fate, from whence she saw no possibility of escaping but by death, and for this she endeavoured to prepare herself. Alas! the desire of life is not so easily extinguished; even in the moment of despair, in the anguish of pain and wretchedness, that vital principle retains its power, and 'tis with horror we shrink at the view of that last refuge from the miseries of life, "that bourne, from whence no traveller returns."

Under this impression, tho' hopeless of any relief, she addressed herself in ardent supplication to the Divine Being, when her prayers were suddenly interrupted by the loud voices of the two men.

She listened, found they were in high dispute, which increased every moment with much violence; when a kind of scuffle ensued; she heard an exclamation, followed by a groan, and immediately the villain who had insulted her, darted into her room.

She sprung from the bed, and flew thro' the opening, scarcely in her senses; he pursued her with horrid oaths; all was dark; she had time to draw her knife as her last hope, when he caught hold of her. Despair and terror gave her instant courage; she struck a random blow with much force; his hold gave way, and he fell with bitter curses.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

*An exceeding good and sweet toned*

**PIANO FORTE,**

**WITH A PEDAL,**

*To be had reasonably. Enquire of the Printer.*



For the Philadelphia Repository.

Chestnut-street, February, 1801.

MR. HOGAN,

*I should be pleased with the republication of the following Letter in the Philadelphia Repository. It originally appeared in the Chester (O. E.) Paper, May 4th, 1792, and was given "as the production of the unfortunate SPENCE BROUGHTON, the mail robber, executed at York, to his Wife."*

AMANUENSIS.

MY DEAR ELIZA,

*THIS is the last affectionate token thou wilt ever receive from my hand—an hand that trembles at my dissolution so soon—so very soon to ensue.*

*Before thou wilt open this last epistle of thine unfortunate husband, these eyes, which overflow with tears of gratitude and contrition shall have ceased to weep; and this heart, now fluttering on the verge of eternity, shall beat no more.*

*I have prepared to meet death without horror, and ah how happy! had that death been the common visitation of nature—be not comforted—God will be thy friend—in the solitude of my cell have I sought him—his Spirit hath supported me—hath assisted me in my prayers, and many a time in the moment of remorseful anguish, hath whispered peace; for my dear Eliza I never added cruelty to injustice. Yet tho' I have resolved to meet death without fear, one part of my awful sentence—a sentence aggravated by being merited, chills me with horror. When I reflect that my poor remains, the tokens of mortality, must not sleep in peace, but be buffeted by the storms of heaven, or parched by the summer's sun, while the traveller shrinks from them with disgust and terror; this consideration freezes my blood—this cell—this awful gloom—these irons—y<sup>e</sup>a death itself—are not so grievous.—Why will the laws continue to sport with the wretched, after life is at an end? My Eliza—my friend—my Wife, the last sad scene approaches, when I shall be no more, when I shall leave the world, and thee, my dear to its mercies—not only thee, but my unprotected children, the pledges of a love thro' misfortune, thro' dissipation, through vice and infamy, on thy part unchanged; ah fool that I was! to think friendship could exist but with virtue—had I listened to the advice thou hast so often given me, we had been a happy family, respectable and respected—but it is past—that advice has been slighted—I am doomed to an ignominious death; and thou and my children—horrid thought! to infamy.—To thee alone I trust the education of these ill-fated creatures, whom I now more than ever love and weep for. Warn them to avoid gaming of every descrip-*

*tion; that baneful vice which has caused their father to be suspended a long and lasting spectacle to feed the eye of curiosity. Teach them the ways of religion, in their early years cause them to learn some trade, that business may fill their minds, and leave no room for dissipation.—When seated round your winter fire, when the little innocents enquire after their unfortunate father, ah! tell them gaming was his ruin—he neglected all religious duties—he never conversed with his heart in solitude; he stifled the upbraidings of conscience in the company of the lewd and profligate, and is hung on high, a sad and awful warning to future times.—I see thee thus employed, while the tears trickle down thy dear face I have so ill requited for conjugal affection.—Adieu my Eliza—Adieu for ever—the morning appears, for the last time to these sad eyes.—Pleasant would death be to me on a sick bed, after my soul had made her peace with God:—with God I hope her peace is made; he is not a God all terror, but a God of mercy—on that mercy I rely, and on the interposition of a Saviour.—May my tears, my penitence, and deep contrition be acceptable to that Almighty Being, before whom I am shortly to appear.*

*Once more adieu Eliza for ever—the pen falls from my hand and sleep overtakes me—the next will be the sleep of death.*

SPENCE BROUGHTON.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

#### NEW DISCOVERY.

*I AM one of the most unlucky fellows on earth—every step seems guided by misfortune—every movement attended with either unhappiness to myself, or misery to my fellow mortals.—The most trifling jest productive of irreparable misfortunes—fell discovery! had I known the evils concomitant with thy publication, I had buried the fatal secret in my bosom—How have I offended thee, Fortune! that thou shouldst thus lavish on me thy inveterate evils.*

*—A messenger informed me that my friend Mr. Colvin was very ill, and wished to see me—Alas! dear sir, it seems your philosophy will not at all times ensure you the blessings of health—little thinking it had been the cause of his disease.—I will see you my friend; but first I have promised to call at Timothy Baxter's, to drown the cares of the evening in a decanter of his good wine—I will acquaint him with the necessity of my absence—forego the blessings of the evening, and sympathize with the sentimental Colvin.—At Timothy's door was informed that he had kept his bed the live-long day. He was of an indolent disposition, and an idea struck me, that he had feigned a slight illness in order that he might indulge himself without the name of being lazy. But what was my disappointment, when I had reached*

*his chamber, and found him under the operation of a violent fever. On my entrance into the room, I was affrighted at hearing him exclaim, in the most inveterate terms, against the study of astronomy, knowing that he had always entertained a partiality for that particular science.—You are delirious, Timothy, you are out of your senses—I am not delirious; curse the discovery, I am out of all patience. If it had not been for those stars mentioned in the Repository, I might have enjoyed my health. I have a violent crook in my neck, the effects of gazing at the stars—I was the most of last evening on the terrace, searching the whole northern hemisphere with the telescope—Oh my neck—what pain shoots through my neck! Curse the discovery.—Be patient friend—put an Indian poultice to your neck, half as large as some of our beaux are pleased to wear; it will soon remove the pain—and as for your brains, warm them with a little wine—Nay, you looked too high for the stars; you should have cast your eyes nearer the horizon—on the earth you might have found them—they were composed of materials like yourself, flesh and blood; yet they were stars of considerable magnitude. Upon this explanation Timothy became outrageous—he had indeed studied astronomy these twenty years, yet never thought of looking to the earth for stars—Still complaining I left him, yet not without laughing as I stepped from the threshold, that the study of astronomy should drive the man out of his senses.*

*—When I arrived at Colvins, what a scene! tears streaming from every eye—sorrow seemed to have taken up her abode in the dwellings of philosophy, and despair usurped the seat of festivity and mirth.—O my friend, my heart felt condemned, a check of remorse rose in conviction of my errors—his death resulted from the New Discovery!—though the consequences were calamitous, the intention was harmless—and if Colvin caught his death's cold a star-gazing, it was more the effect of an inordinate desire for a knowledge of the celestial world, than the New Discovery.*

OCTAVIUS.

*—[Poor Octavius....Member of the Philosophical Society.....and his poor unfortunate neck-broken, brain-deranged friend, Colvin—now no more!....How willingly would we pour consolation into the self convicted heart....but alas! the error is irretrievable. However, we would advise Octavius, the next time he makes a New Discovery, whether in the heavens above, or on the earth, or under the earth, or peradventure in a decanter of wine at his friend Baxter's, where it is probable he made the last; whether composed of flesh and blood, or of light celestial matter; whether in jest or in earnest....to wing his way with all imaginable speed to UTOPIA, the land of new philosophers, where star-gazing is brought to perfection, and where he will no doubt again find the unfortunate Colvin.....Adieu.]*



For the Philadelphia Repository.

MR. HOGAN,

OBSERVING in your useful paper, of the 7th inst. some wanton remarks upon the author, as well as on the "Essays on Law," I consider it a duty due to injured merit, to offer a few observations on those remarks.

The author says, "The positions of a man sophistical by nature, are not to be controverted by a juvenile essay, the production of a leisure half hour." Who ever heard of a man being sophistical by nature? really he must hold the sensible part of mankind, in great contempt, if he imagines they can be the dupes of such miserable notions as these! I recommend "Locke's Essays on Human Understanding," for the critic's perusal, as it appears he is totally unacquainted with them.

I shall conclude with saying, that he, who considers the design of those remarks, cannot confess that they are, in the least, creditable to the author of them, as a scholar, critic, or a man.

CANDOUR.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

### SWEETMEATS, TO COMFORT Messrs. Colon & Spondee.

COMMA & DACTYLE! what a rare junction! sure the author must possess supernatural invention! could *Colon & Spondee* furnish the hint for such a wonderful combination? Impossible! when compared with this DARLING critic, the impartial Herodotus, the eloquent Isocrates, the grave and austere Thucydides, the grand and sublime Titus Livius, and the splendid Tacitus diminish to a point. The shop of *Comma & Dactyle*! original and delightful idea! we may shortly expect a shop opened by Messrs. Period & Parenthesis, or peradventure by Messrs. Semicolon & Semicolon. Oh pithy son of sugar and cotton, how have you deranged our poor heads by such a display of unparalleled wisdom in the selection of a title!

Seriously, it would be indecorous to call citizen *Comma* an incorrigible blockhead; yet it would evidently require but little ingenuity to prove him one.

"Sophistical by nature," excellent logician. Locke with all his profundity never conceived such an idea.

That *Comma's* ideas never extended beyond the "precincts of a barber's shop," is evident upon the first blush of his peurile, mongrel, gasconading stile. The whole piece

may in truth be said to be *peeled, patched and pyebald*. A certain indescribable inanity of thought—a weak, drivelling, beggarly attempt at wit, a milk and water pitiful exertion to appear scientific, stamp this most wonderful production. John Cox, Michael Forrest, and ..... must have been invoked to assist in furnishing this literary ragout.

To cap the climax, this puffed up biped talks Latin, *he does and so he does*, and talks about Dr. Johnson, yes reader, this epicene wretch, rails at Dr. Johnson! Modest gentleman, and wise as modest, and eloquent as wise. What a delectable obliquity of envious vision, does he exhibit.

To mangle the essays of Messrs. *Colon & Spondee* in such an ungracious carnivorous manner, is a new species of plagiarism, but a total lack of intellect accounts for it.

The braying of a certain pretty animal which I forbear to name, is full as acceptable to the ears of refinement as the outre phraseology of this vapid retailer of unintelligible jargon.

A.

[It is hoped, for pity's sake, some gentle peace-maker will step in between these mighty sons of Paper and Ink, else the whole city will presently be in an uproar, and we shall hear of nothing but deep and hollow groans, while

Blood and carnage clothe the sheet\* in crimson,†

Flowing from ghastly wounds of keen pointed quills—But hark ye, gentlemen, 'tis the advice of a rusty old *wise-acre*, whose exploded dogmas are probably in possession of some of your grandmothers, to "leave off contention before it be meddled with"—for, gentlemen, we must tell you plainly, and that all of you, if ye do not moderate—at least your expressions.....we will speak English to you—so we will, we will.]

\* Paper.

† Red Ink.

### ELINOR.

#### A SENTIMENTAL SKETCH.

"AH how cold the wind blows!" said a tall female as she descended from a white cliff, which over-hung the sea. I raised my eyes wistfully to her face. I saw it was traced by the hand of beauty, and not by the lear of misery. The fresh breeze blew through her loose garments, and cast her brown hair, in disordered, but beautiful masses, over her naked bosom; her eyes were sweet and blue, but they rolled with the quickness of phrenzy as she approached. "Who are you?" asked I, with emotion,

taking her hand within mine. They call me wild Elinor! answered she in a soft but hurried voice, eyeing some flowers. "I am very poor—I have no home—I have lost my lover—

"Beneath yon wave  
Is Edwin's grave,"

repeated she in a musical tone. "But come back with me, and see it. I strew it every day with flowers; and weep sometimes—but—I can't now!" She stopped, and sighed; then putting her hand on her breast—"I am very unhappy, stranger! O my breaking heart!" Her voice died away. I thought reason gleamed in her eye, as she sunk on the sod. I stooped to raise her falling frame. She lifted her large blue orbs towards me with silent gratitude: a soft bloom spread her pallid cheek; and articulating, "Edwin!" fell lifeless on the earth. "Thy gentle spirit is now at rest!" said I, pensively over her clay. "But, oh! what agonies must have torn thy heart, luckless maid! when returning reason shewed thee all thy wretchedness, and when that wretchedness cut the thread of thy existence! cold, cold is the loveliest form of nature! closed is the softest eye that ever poured a beam on mine! that form must now moulder in the dust! that eye must no longer open on the world!" The tears gushed as I spoke. I fell on the earth beside her corpse! the warm drops of sensibility washed the marble of her bosom—my heart heaved with agony. I was a man and I gloried in my tears!

ROLLA.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

### The Despondent, No. 4.

SPECULATION, which has engendered unparalleled crimes and evils! Speculation, the "fell monster" which has so long prowled through our streets, ensnaring the unwary, and plunging them into the gulph of unremediless ruin, was the source of that despair, which like the vulture of Prometheus, preys upon my agonized heart. My father, whose only fault was a too easy credulity, was deluded by the glozing misrepresentations of a crew of insatiate harpies. By a series of artful solicitations, he was gradually involved in the meshes prepared for him. His ample fortune, under the auspices of such counsellors, soon died away, and he was reduced to a state of abject and most unmerited indigence. Sensitive by nature, he sunk under the pressure of his calamitous situation, deploring with his latest breath his fatal infatua-

tion. His death long prevented my thoughts from fixing upon my own friendless situation. I mourned indeed as one without hope, for the ties of filial affection were interwoven with the fibres of my heart. When however the excess of grief was allayed by the hand of time, I looked around, and "clustering woes," in anticipation like the chill dews of night descended upon my soul. Still the endearing idea of MILCENA's affection in some measure supported me. My hopes revived in the contemplation, and I imagined that with her I might still rise above the misfortunes which had made such a deplorable inroad upon my peace. In this fond expectation alas! I was deceived. My loss of fortune dissolved the charm!

MILCENA retired on a visit to a distant relation, and calmly, for perfidy can sometimes act its crimes without emotion, wrote me a few lines only, wherein she talked something of "propriety," "prudence," and in short, a change of sentiment. Laconic as was the note, much less would have sufficed. Alive to the slightest vibration when impelled by love, the fairy palace erected by full blown hope, and cherished by fostering time, dissolved. Smitten by the only hand that had power to administer the cordial of consolation, life seemed suspended. Indignation indeed succeeded, and for a time buoyed up my mind. This passion however is too tempestuous to endure. The settled gloom of night usurped its place, and all creation lowered with a malign and menacing aspect.

Vows solemnly plighted and enforced by the enthusiastic fervor of well dissembled love, were thus broken by her without even assigning a reason for a procedure which no words are sufficiently expressive to designate. ALONZO.

=====  
A Captain of one of the British frigates, a man of undaunted bravery, had a natural antipathy to a cat; a sailor, who for some misconduct had been ordered a flogging, saved his bacon by presenting to his Captain the following petition:

By your honour's command,  
A Culprit I stand,  
An example for all the ship's crew;  
I am pinion'd and strip'd,  
And condemn'd to the whipt,  
And if I am flogg'd its my due:  
A Cat I am told,  
In abhorrence you hold—  
Your honour's aversion is mine.  
If a Cat with ONE tail  
Makes your stout heart to fail,  
O save me from one that has NINE!

### From the Athenian Oracle.

Q. *What is the most delightful thing to a man in the world?*

A. Much as he is—If he is intemperate and luxurious, he delights most in what he ought most to be ashamed of. Virtuous men will take the greatest delight in fair and virtuous actions, the noblest whereof we esteem to be our obliging a friend, or forgiving an enemy. But were we asked, what it is we esteem most delightful to the most of men? we should make no scruple to affirm, it is *getting money*; since for this only, they will lose their pleasure, part with their virtue, and sell their honour.

Q. *Whether it is lawful for a man to beat his wife?*

A. The affirmative would be very disobliging to that sex, without adding any more to it; therefore we ought to be as cautious and tender as may be, in asserting such an ill-natured position. We allow a wife to be naturalized into, and part of her husband; and yet nature sometimes wars against part of itself, in ejecting by sweat, urine, &c. what otherwise would be destructive to its very frame; nay sometimes there is occasion of greater violence, as lancing, burning, dismembering, &c. which the patient submits to as his interest. Now if a man may thus cruelly treat himself, and be an accessory to his own torture, he may legally chastise his wife, who is no nearer to him than he is to himself; but yet (for I am not covetous of the fate of Orpheus) as none but *doctors* are proper judges of seasonable violences to nature; so there are but few husbands that know how to correct a wife. To do it in a passion, and pretend justice, is ridiculous; because that passion incapacitates the judgment from the office; and to do it when one is pleased, is a harder task; so that we conclude, as the legality is unquestionable, so the time and measure are generally too critical for a calculation—when a wife goes astray, it is safe to use a sympathetic remedy, as the rebuke of a KISS—the anti-sympathetic may prove worse than the disease.

=====  
CUSTOMS—In Turkey, bakers convicted of selling bread under weight, are hung up at their own door; and a traveller in that country, mentions, that notwithstanding executions for this offence are so frequent that a person can hardly walk along the streets without rubbing against the bodies, yet even these rigorous punishments do not put a stop to this nefarious practice.

### The Monitor.

#### THE LOUNGING TRADESMAN.

IN every town, there is a tradesman of this stamp. He deserves to be held up in memento to others; read then, the following sketch.

His crime is, neglecting his own business and interesting himself in that of his neighbours. Would you find him at his shop, you must be there before breakfast. So far he is a pretty good man. But for the rest part of day and the evening, you may generally rather look at any other place in the vicinity. If there is any public meeting, court arbitration, horse race, or other diversion, you may be sure, he is present. If there is nothing like this going on, I would advise you to plant yourself at the first tavern, store, or place of resort in your way, and doubtless you will see him very soon; for not more constant does the moon make its revolution, than he shows himself at all these places in succession several times in a day.

And what is his mighty business; Why, to be eye-witness to every story in circulation; to give his advice on every important matter; to talk politics; to enter into the spirit of every quarrel; and to decide between man and man as mediator and judge, acquitting one, and condemning another, as his superlative wisdom dictates.

He is not a drunkard yet, but I see however, that he begins to grow corpulent; and I believe he takes more than comports with his purse, however it may affect his health. Now from this account a stranger would be apt to suspect, that he is not a man of business. But I assure you, it is otherwise; for besides an assiduous attention to all these weighty concerns, for which he never dreams of any recompense, but the present heart-felt satisfaction and the pleasure of relating it—besides this, he will undertake as much work in his occupation as you shall desire. He will promise you any quantity at any time. You may call for the articles bespoke, and, "Sir, you shall have them any day you fix." No time is amiss but the present. Suppose you should call half a dozen times by adjournments, and still be put off and disappointed—how can you be irritated at a man who is so public spirited? "Why truly," he will tell you, "an unexpected affair took place, and your work shall be done immediately."

=====  
MAXIMS—Trust not him with your secrets, who, when left alone in your room, turns over your papers.

It is good to be wise, it is wise to be just, and just to be constant.



## PHILADELPHIA,

February 14.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A Letter from "*Octavius*," [of *STAR-GAZING MEMORY*] must, at all events have a place in the next number.

"*Walter Anxious*" will not be delayed any longer.

"*W. M.'s*" stolen verses may probably be published at some future period; but the editor is in the possession of a more correct copy, under the signature of T. W. published in Stephen's Miscellany.

"*Stanza*," shall have a place as soon as possible.

"*De La Rue's*" last communication, came too late for this number.

"*Responsor*" has not found the kernel of the nuts—he must try it again.

\* \* Correspondents are requested to designate, in their communications, whether they are original or extracted.

☞ *Friday Evening*—No certain information was obtained when the Repository went to press, respecting the impending ELECTION at the City of Washington. Various and contradictory reports have prevailed throughout the day. A gentleman passenger who left that City on Tuesday, says, that it was expected no election could take place on the day following, in consequence of the absence of Mr. Nicholson, who was confined by a severe indisposition.

## FROM WASHINGTON.

The MAUSOLEUM BILL is not rejected by the Senate, but referred back to another committee.

The JUDICIARY BILL has passed the Senate.

ALEXANDRIA, Feb. 7.—The Maryland of 20 guns, Capt. Rogers, is appointed to carry out the Treaty. She will sail in about eight days from Baltimore.

The House of Representatives agreed on the 10th inst. to discontinue the act of suspending commercial intercourse between the United States and France, and the dependencies thereof, after its expiration, the 3d of next month.

## BOSTON, Feb. 3.

From unquestionable authority, we are authorised to say, that Judge Washington is writing the life of the Father of our

Country. Many particulars, hitherto unknown, will be disclosed in this deeply interesting work, which will increase our admiration and love, even of WASHINGTON. A considerable time must elapse, before it will be given to the Public.

There are now living in the town of New Milford, (Con.) two persons who have seen *three centuries*, being born in the 17th, lived through the 18th, and now see the 19th. One is Mr. NODINE, born at New Rochelle, state of New-York, of the French protestants who settled there. The other is Mrs. HEAMES, who emigrated thither from the state of Rhode-Island. The husband of her youth died there seven years ago, aged 94 or 95 years. The living of the above persons has been always coarse and simple, and for many years they have been town's poor. They are now able to walk with considerable firmness, and the powers of their minds are not wholly abated.

## LANCASTER, Feb. 4.

The Indian Chiefs who arrived here on Friday last, proceeded yesterday morning on their way to the Federal City, accompanied by Mr. Parish, their interpreter.

The main object of their visit to Congress is, we understand, to obtain satisfaction for the death of two Indians, who were shot last August, in cool-blood, by some white men. There is some other difference to be adjusted respecting the conduct of the surveyor employed by the Holland Land-company; who, it appears, in running the line, has taken in land not ceded to the company.

Extract of a letter from an Officer on board the Frigate Philadelphia, dated

"Off Gaudaloupe, December 27.

"On Christmas day, we recaptured the schooner Peggy, of Hartford, from New-London; cargo 50 fine horses, &c. On the 26th in company with the Schooner Experiment, we recaptured the brig Dove, Capt. Romley; from New-London; cargo 40 horses, and 450 barrels of flour, beef, &c. The same day recaptured the sloop Jane; of and from New-London; cargo, beef, rye-meal, Indian, and 31 oxen; and this moment have recaptured the schooner Ann and Susan, of New-York, from New-York; cargo, flour, and 40 fine oxen. During our cruise, we have taken and retaken 10 vessels.

Two Ladies of the *ton* lately fought a duel at Paris, with knives, and so furious and sanguinary was the contest, that both the wretches have since died of their wounds.

EDWARD GARRIGUES is appointed, by the Board of Health, steward of the Lazaretto, in the room of Heath Newbury, Esq. resigned.

We understand, that the elegant ship CHINA, belonging to this port, was sold at public auction, in Newport, (R. I.) for 64,000 dollars. The purchaser is said to be, Mr. Cole, of the house of Barry, Cole and Barry, Baltimore.

## COW POX.

Extract of a letter from Dr. LETTSON, of London, to Dr. BARTON of this city.

"Vaccine inoculation is becoming more and more general in England, and on the European Continent about 16,000 have had the disease, if disease it can be termed, without any case of fatality, and about 3000 have been inoculated again with the common Small Pox, without conveying any disease, so that probably soon, no other than the Cow Pox will be adopted here. I imagine a fatal case will never occur, as there is rarely more than one pustule."

## Marriages.

MARRIED—By the Rev. Dr. Green, Mr. John Laub, of York Town, (Penn.) to Miss Martha Miller, daughter of Capt. Andrew Miller, of this city.

—By the Rev. Dr. Helmuth, Mr. George W. Odenheimer, Printer, to Miss Rebecca Stirk, both of this city.

—By the Rev. Mr. Abercrombie, Mr. Richard Cox, son of Charles Cox, Esq. of Sidney, New-Jersey, to Miss Theodosia Henrietta Sayre, of this city.

## Deaths.

DIED—In this city, (in child-bed,) Mrs. Jane Lee, the wife of Mr. John Lee, late office-keeper, and messenger to the Department of State of the United States, and has left behind her six small children to bemoan her loss. On Friday her remains were interred in the Church burial-ground at Burlington, in New-Jersey.

—In the 68th year of his age, the Rev. Dr. James Latta, Pastor of the Congregation of Chesnut-Level, in Lancaster county.

—At Washington, (Kentucky,) Mr. Richard Rogers, a native of Darbyshire, (England) by his papers it appears he was last from Philadelphia.

—At Whitehall, near Bordentown, in the 64th year of her age, Mrs A. Stockton, relict of the late Richard Stockton, Esq. of New-Jersey.

# TEMPLE of the MUSES.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

## The Happy Cottager.

HOW blest his lot, who in a cot,  
From cares and troubles free;  
Enjoys his health, nor covets wealth,  
Ner superfluity.

His wants are few, and these 'tis true,  
Are amply well supply'd;  
His days are spent in calm content,  
And peace sits by his side.

How diff'rent he, from those I see  
In city's pompous glare;  
Whom pride prompts on till they're undone,  
And lux'ry proves their snare.

While he enjoys what never cloy,  
Health, sweet content, and ease;  
These roll in vice, which in a trice  
To wretchedness conveys.

Who then would dwell i'th' porch of hell,  
And breathe infected air?  
Who can with ease, go where he please,  
And fix his cottage there.

Beneath some hill, the purling rill,  
Sweet bev'rage shall afford;  
His horse and cow, by neigh and low,  
Shall there address their lord.

His hogs in sty, the sheep hard bye,  
Shall grunt, and bleat his praise;  
The dog that howls, the ducks and fowls,  
To him their voices raise.

The lambs that play in month of May,  
And gambol on the lee;  
Whose innocence ne'er gives offence,  
Shall his preceptors be.

The fertile field shall plenty yield,  
Of herbage, grain, and roots,  
The garden too, its plenty shew,  
Of sweet delicious fruits.

The orchard young, for him ere long,  
An off'ring too, shall bear;  
And for his use, shall soon produce,  
The apple, peach and pear.

The murm'ring brook, with fish that look  
Delightful to the eye;  
Shall at his will, his larder fill,  
And table well supply.

How happy then, the man who can  
Set bounds to nature's wants;  
And be content with what is sent,  
Nor after riches pants?

Enough's a feast, too much is waste,  
Then give me, gracious Heaven!  
So much for food, as Thou seest good,  
Nor let there more be giv'n.

Unless my heart's willing to part,  
My overflowing store;  
To those who need my hands to feed,  
THEN ONLY, give me more.

R. W.

## A T A L E.

THOSE rigid pedagogues and fools,  
Who walk by self-invented rules,  
Do often try with empty head,  
The emptier morals to mislead,  
And fain would urge, than none but they  
Could rightly teach the A, B, C.  
On which they've got an endless comment,  
To trifling minds of mighty moment,  
Throwing forth barriers in the way  
Of those who genius display,  
As often, ah! too often tease  
Them out of patience, and of fees,  
Before they're able to explode  
Obstructions thrown on learning's road.  
May mankind all employ their tools  
To banish pedantry from schools!  
And may each pedagogue avail,  
By list'ning to the after tale!

Wise Mr. BIRCH had long intended  
The alphabet should be amended,  
And taught that H a breathing was;  
Ergo he saw no proper cause,  
Why such a letter should exist:  
Thus in a breath was he dismiss'd,  
With, "O beware, beware, O youth!  
"Take not the villain in your mouth."

One day this alphabetic sinner  
Was eager to devour his dinner,  
When to appease the craving glutton,  
His boy Tom produc'd the mutton.  
Was such disaster ever told?  
Alas! the meat was deadly cold!  
Here take and h—eat it, says the master;  
Quoth Tom, that shall be done, and fast, Sir:  
And few there are who will dispute it;  
And he went instantly about it;  
For Birch had scorn'd the H to say,  
And blew him with a puff away.

The bell was rung with dread alarm;  
"Bring me the mutton, is it warm?"  
Sir, you desir'd, and I have EAT it;  
"You lie, my orders were to heat it."  
Quoth Tom, I'll readily allow  
That H is but a breathing now.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

## SONNET TO LAURA.

LONG has my bosom sought, in vain!  
To soothe its cares, to still its pain;  
To stop my passions' wild increase,  
And learn this heart to beat in peace.  
But still amid the tempest tost,  
My pray'rs unheard, my hopes all lost.

I've sought the mountain's dizzy height;  
I've trod the lonely vale by night;  
I've walk'd beneath the cypress' gloom,  
And lean'd upon the mould'ring tomb:  
Amid the church yard's solemn shade,  
I've call'd on REASON to my aid.

But ah! her powers too faint, too feeble  
prove,  
To calm the breast, that burns with hope-  
less love.

## ON THE DEATH OF MRS. TOMPKIN.

WHY thus, in pensive sorrow, droops each  
head?  
Let some one tell where that gay mirth is fled,  
Which round the cheerful fire did oft preside,  
And forc'd dull winter's hours with haste to  
glide.

Where light wing'd pleasure held her fav'-  
rite seat, (ance greet;  
Where friendship's smile did each acquaint-  
In social chat to pass the time away,  
When evening's shades had veil'd the busy  
day.

But now alas! how widely chang'd the scene  
Of that gay pleasure not a vestige's seen.  
Dull melancholy, pensively and slow,  
Now stalks along, and heightens every woe.

For sad to tell—Eliza is no more;  
Her spirit's fled to heaven's delightful shore:  
No trouble can her peaceful state alloy,  
She dwells supreme in pure celestial joy.

Where'er my busy fancy bids me view,  
And keen remembrance doth each thought  
pursue,  
Thy every worth is plac'd before my eyes,  
And as I view my breast responsive sighs—

Farewell to thee, thou true and constant  
friend,  
Like thee resigned may be my latter end;  
With cheerfulness surrender up my breath,  
Nor be alarm'd at the approach of death.

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